A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, June 14. 1708.

YOU have been now all buſie about your Elections, and many an honeſt Gentleman you have return'd; in ſome Places you have follow'd my Advice in the Letter of it, and in others in the Meaning of it, and I ſhall make no Attempt to enquire into the Particulars: It is not the Time yet to tell Noſes, this Parliament, when it comes, will, I believe, have many Things ſingular to itſelf, of which I may ſpeak when it comes nearer to its Appearance.

But what ſhall we ſay as to the Electors now? —Have the *Jacobites* in ſundry Places taken the Oaths to qualifie themſelves to vote? It is an eaſie thing to gueſs the Occaſion, and the Party they vote for.

And really, Gentlemen *High-Flyers*, it is a very odd, but true Remark, which your Caſe calls for, *Viz.* That if ever you come to a Diſpute in the Country upon Elections, upon Matters of publick Appearance, or any thing that is to be carry'd by Voices or Numbers, or Shew of Perſons, all the *Papiſts*, all the *Non jurors*, all the Malecontents, the Railers at Governours, the Enemies of the Revolution, the Abhorrers of the Union, the Scoffers at the Succeſſion—WHO are they FOR? Are they for the *Whigs*, or are they for the *Tories*? Are they for the *High-Church* Men, or are they for the *Low Church* Men?

And whatever you may think of this, it is a material Queſtion, and an Obſervation that has been the Occaſion of bringing ma-

ny

ny a bewildred Freeholder to his Wits again; who having been impos'd upon by the Delusions and Stories of the Party, has shut his Eyes upon his Country's Safety, and run a-madding after this Landlord, or that Country-Justice, or this Clergy-man—consenting to give his Vote for this or that Shock-Dog, or one as insignificant. But when he has come into the Field, or the Town, and comes to see what Company he is gotten into, how the *Papists*, the *Jacobites*, the *Non-Jurants*, and He are all of a side, is frighted at the very Sight; *Bless me*, said an honest *Essex*-Man, once on such an Occasion as this, *where am I!* what Company am I got into, what am I doing? — It was an old Story, Gentlemen, but it will serve again, when a certain TRIAL OF SKILL was made in a certain Country, not a hundred Mile off, and a poor Farmer was carry'd by his Landlord to *Chelmsford*, and there introduc'd among the Party as a Friend——There at Dinner when the Health went round, there was Confusion to the *Whiggs*, Huzza, *Abdy*, *Harvy*, *Abdy*, *Harvy*, there was praying for Enemies by the Way, Health to our old Master, then Huzza again, *Abdy*, *Harvy*, *Abdy*, *Harvy*, d—n all the *Whigs*, and so on to all Manner of Excesses—The poor Man was so frighted to think what he was a-going to do, and guessing at it by the Company he was in, he thought certainly the Men he was to vote for, were just such as those that voted for him, that he run out of the House, and never came near them afterward, no nor near their Party neither.

This is not the first Convert to *Whiggism*, that banning and damning has made; I have observ'd to our Disgrace, that really the *Tories* make more Converts to the *Whiggs*, than the *Whiggs* do themselves— When a poor Farmer in *S*—— was prompted to swear himself a Freeholder, tho' he had not a Foot of Land in the Nation, nor ever had. Can any Body blame him for abhorring a Party ever after, that would thrust him into the Devil's Clutches to carry their Cause.

When a Clergy-man, rather than lose his Party a Vote, shall swear himself a Benefic'd Minister, tho' he was known to be only a Curate, and thus encourage other Mens Perjury by his own; what is the Effect of this, but to make honest, abus'd Judgements recover their Capacities, and make Choice for themselves? It would make a black List too full of Scandal, if I should enter here into the Arbitrary Violences of a Party, to bring to pass the mobbing Part of their Elections.

Should I tell you of Polling Alms-Men for Burgesses, Forreigners for Free-Men, Tenants for Landlords, and polling a younger Brother first, and then refusing the elder Brother for not being of Age, because he was on the other side; these things would revive old Stories, that I hope are bury'd; but thus far I may note to the very great Conviction of our *High-Flyers*. These, Gentlemen, are the Ways by which you make *Whiggs*, by which you drive Men of the least Foresight or Capacity of seeing Day-Light, into a Necessity of abandoning both You and your Cause, and by which you fright honest Men out of your Company.

I could help you perhaps to Names of Persons, and Names of Places, to all these things, for to every one of them there hangs *a Tale*; but 'tis the Practice I am now upon, not the Persons; if they should be uneasie that they are not nam'd, I shall oblige them that Way at Demand.

But I come back to my Argument; will you look, Gentlemen Electors, thro' all the several Parts of *England*, and do but observe how Mankind is sorted? See but the general Partition which the late Strife of Parties has made, and thus they are generally ranged.

Papists,	The Drunken,	
Jacobites,	The Debauch'd,	These Unanimously Vote
Nonjurors,	The Swearing,	for the High-Flyer.
The Unthinking and surfeited Tories,	The Persecuting,	

The

The Moderate Churchmen,	The Grave,	These go with the Whigg.
The Diſſenters,	The Sober,	
The Religious of any ſort,	The Thinking,	
	The Prudent.	

Let a Stranger, that never ſaw or heard of the Strugling Parties here, See but the Surface of this, and judge of the thing by the Perſons; and I think a ſmall Portion of Sence will guide them to make a Judgment in the Caſe; and by the ſame Rule all Men might make their Choice, if they pleaſed to open their Eyes and look round them. It can not but be true, That thoſe that joyn with Papiſts and Jacobites, and Nonjurors, are more their Friends, than thoſe that act againſt them.

The Papiſts, are generally Speaking, Men that know their Intereſt, and have their Eyes open to their Advantages: Why they do joyn with the Tory and High Flyer; it cannot be, that they like one part of the Proteſtant Religion better than another, but are equally Enemies to the whole Proteſtant Religion, *qua Proteſtant*; but they ſee, theſe are the Men that maintain the Diviſion; they ſee, that if it were not for theſe Men, the reſt of Proteſtants, tyred with their dear-bought Experiments, would leave off the unnatural Strifes, they purſue, cloſe the Diviſion, and meet one another half-way for Peace ſake: They know Proteſtants would Unite, were it not for High-Flyers, and your hot exaſperated Tories, and make all Peaceable among them; and therefore they clap the Tories on the Back, and Huzza them into all their Follies and Fopperies, to prevent the Harmony that would otherwiſe follow.

Again, as the *Non juror*; 'tis death to his Cauſe to have theſe damn'd Whigs Unite; 'tis in their Diviſions, the cauſe of Jacobitiſm ſubſiſts, and this *Non-juror* finding nothing ſo nigh a *Non-juror* as a *High-Flyer*, he keeps cloſe to him, and joyns with him as being of Kin to the Family; a *Non-juror* is a *Jacobite, profeſt ſuch*; and a *Jacobite* is no longer a *Jacobite* if he is not a *Non-juror*.

It is true, we have a Modern ſort of Miſcreants, of whom enough can never be ſaid to expoſe them to the view of the World, I mean Allegiance-ſwearing, Abjuration-taking, Revolution-joyning *Jacobites*; of all the Monſters that ever the Promiſcuous Conjunction of Antipathie form'd, this is the moſt Formidable and Aſtoniſhing; this is a Produce was never formed, no, not by Nature her ſelf, when in the ſtrongeſt Convulſions. The Beaſt with Seven Heads and Ten Horns, if ſhe was to be drawn in a Picture, would not make half ſo Uncouth a ſight; if I ever ſaw a Scheme of ſuch a Wretch, it is drawn to the Imagination in the Frontice-piece of the 4th Book of *Milton's Paradiſe loſt*; I think 'tis the 4th Book, for I have not the Book with me at the writing of this, where the Brazen-Gates between Hell and this New World, are kept by Death and Sin; the firſt to let the Wretched out of this World, and the laſt to let the Devil in. Sin is here Pictur'd with a Fair Face, Beautiful in her outſide and upper Parts, but her lower Parts have the ſhape of Devils, and innumerable Snakes, Serpents, Monſters, and Fiery Devils twiſted together, ſerve her for her Bowels, thro' whom Circulate her Excrement or Ordure, which iſſues at her Mouth: Thus her Breath is Fire and Poiſon, her Hands hold Mortal Weapons; her Eyes dart Contagion to a World, and in her Womb Sathan and Death being Twins, gender'd neither by Succeſſion nor Coition, but by meer Genuin Corruption. This is the very Emblem of a *Jacobite High-Flyer*, that takes the Oaths.

Theſe are your Companions, Gentlemen, you that call your ſelves *Proteſtants* and *Britains*'; theſe are your Companions; theſe are the People that link with you in your Follies; when you chooſe *Tories*, when you Vote for *High-Flyers*, the People are always with you: if you declare War againſt Moderation, you have them always on your ſide, in all this Publick Diſputes of the Age; you that have railed at the

Whiggs